

MARBLE HILL PRESS.

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OUR CORRESPONDENTS

M.-S. A. Notes.

Still they come—new pupils, we mean.

The visitors last week were: Prof. J. A. Richards and Miss Radie Cheek.

The new pupils enrolled last week were: Misses May Kinder, Nora Bair, Myrtle Gibbs, Anna Sample, Katie Conner and Mr. Noah F. Chostner.

We expect quite a number of new students next week and, also, expect to take steps toward organizing a teachers' association, which will be not only good for the M.-S. A. students, but of all teachers who may desire to take part in the same.

On account of the rain Thursday night the meeting of the Excelsior Literary Society was postponed until Friday evening. The old question of the comparative destructiveness of intemperance and war was debated and the decision rendered in favor of the affirmative. The election of officers for the next month resulted as follows: President, M. S. Gladdish; vice-president, J. A. Burton; secretary, Miss Maud Conrad; treasurer, G. E. Morgan; editors, Eli James and Miss Mattie Hill; prosecuting attorney, A. M. Barrett; janitor, Ura Morgan; sergeant-at-arms, C. R. Estes.

GLEN ALLEN.

Here are a few items I dished up for your valuable paper.

Everybody seems to smile to see sunshine after so much rain.

Measles are reported in our town. Born—To Mr. and Mrs. James W. Zimmerman, a fine democratic boy.

Brother Yount filled his appointment Saturday night and Sunday.

We can boast of two Sunday schools here, now.

J. A. Berry left last week for St. Louis.

Brother Pinnell filled his regular appointment here Sunday night.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Taylor, a girl. Jake smiles, but if it had been a boy he would be all smiles.

Parson Nelson has taken charge of "Z" hotel.

Several people from this place attended the baptizing at Daniel Zimmerman's Monday morning.

With kind wishes for THE PRESS and its many readers, I am,

J. W. E.

ZALMA.

As circuit court and the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight are over I will write a few items for your valuable paper.

There is scarcely anything done in the way of farming in this part.

We have had plenty of rain, and Castor has been on a boom.

U. S. marshals arrested John W. and George W. Clubb and took them to St. Louis on the 19th for cutting timber on government land.

It is a general talk among our citizens who attended circuit court that August Nenninger is going to make a splendid sheriff.

The republicans here are trying to run politics in the office of school commissioner.

Matt Bartner died on the 14th, two miles southeast of this place, with consumption.

The new boiler for the box factory has arrived.

Matt Anderson is still improving from a severe attack of pneumonia.

I learn that Mrs. J. W. Dixon is suffering from a very severe cold.

Mrs. Henry Gaines went to Dunklin county on the 17th to visit her daughter, Mrs. R. P. White, who is very sick.

The young folks had an enjoyable party at J. G. Glasner's Monday night.

Miss Louisa Dixon went to Lutesville Monday to spend a week or two with the family of B. F. Stevens.

I learn that A. C. King moved his family Monday to his other farm, nearer to Greenbrier, formerly occupied by J. T. Cameron.

We have a good prospect for a fine fruit year in this section.

J. M. Houchin is here on business

from Arkansas.

Rev. G. W. Myers preached a very interesting sermon here Saturday night.

Married—On the 14th, Frank Walker to Miss Ida Lloyd, at the bride's mother's, three miles southwest of this place.

AILEEN AROON.

The Republic of Tuesday, 23d, says of the flood: The flood situation in the lower Mississippi valley is growing worse. Only one narrow strip of raised earth stands between Helena, Ark., and the swollen Mississippi. The outer levees have been abandoned, the waters have swept over them and are now pouring over the last barrier in many places. A thousand men worked on this, their last hope, all yesterday, and continued the fight with the waters all last night. A tornado swept over the city Sunday, and late last night another storm was brewing. The account which comes from Memphis, Tenn., the chief point from which the horrors of the flood may be viewed, is such as to portend that the worst is yet to come. At New Madrid, Mo., the water has spread far up into the town, and the people can only communicate with each other in skiffs. At Cairo the river continues to rise, and at Bird's Point the town has been depopulated and the inhabitants fled to safer harbor. At Paducah Ky., a large portion of the town is under water, and the people are moving about in skiffs. Across from Helena wheat farms have been greatly damaged. Brooklyn and Elizabethtown, Ill., are both under water, and the losses to property will be severe. The Belmont branch railroad, near Charleston, Mo., has sustained in the last past 24 hours another gap of 12,000 feet in its tracks. All the people have fled precipitately as they could from Belmont, and like Bird's Point, the village has been practically abandoned.

Though the Twice-a-Week Republic of St. Louis excelled all other western weekly papers in publishing the news of the campaign, it now announces that it has extended its news service, and hereafter it will give its readers the best paper in the country. This means much, because the next twelve months will be crowded with news of big events. With all the improvements to its service the yearly subscription will be the same—one dollar a year, by mail, twice a week. THE MARBLE HILL PRESS and Republic, one year, \$1.40.

The Missouri legislature adjourned Monday last.

Congressmen seem always to approve of Mr. Holman's watchdogship of the treasury except when his work takes the offensive form of interfering with the collection of moneys by congressmen.

Notwithstanding the threats of the new congressmen, Speaker Reed has resumed the Czar business at the old stand.

Teachers' Association.

Following is the program of the Bollinger County Teachers' association for Saturday, April 3, beginning at 10 o'clock a. m.

FORENOON.

Music.....Choir
Prayer.....Rev. W. A. Davault
Arithmetic—Interest.....M. S. Gladdish
History—Development of the Colonies.....W. A. Davault

AFTERNOON.

Music.....Choir
Language.....Misses Jettie Morgan and Nancy Mabrey
Physiology—Digestion.....R. J. Hubbard

Each Undid Himself.

"I see that they are trying to do away with capital punishment out in Oklahoma," said a Detroitier who once spent several years in ascertaining what fortune would do for him in the west. "That reminds me of something."

"I was there when the first legislature passed the hanging law. The man that introduced the bill was I. N. Terrell. He was next door to a border ruffian, but he was a dramatic speaker, could make an impressive amount of noise, and had his measure enacted."

"While the laws of the session were being codified, the clerks on the work were startled by a pistol shot on the street, and, looking out the window, saw Terrell standing with a smoking revolver over a citizen he had killed. He was the first man to be sentenced under the new act. Had he paid the penalty he

would have been the example of a man who made a law to hang himself, but influence and new trials got him off with twelve years in the penitentiary.

"But that is not all. At the third session of the legislature an attempt was made to repeal the law. Harry St. John, chairman of the committee on jurisprudence, opposed this movement and held the report of the committee back. On the last day the house made an imperative demand for the report, but St. John coolly put it into his pocket, left the building and did not return until the session had expired by limitation."

"And what happened to him?"

"He went to his home in Oklahoma City and within a few days came the terrible news that he had murdered his wife. You may call it fate, justice, accident, what you please, but it happened."—Detroit Free Press.

How to Find Out the Age of Any Person.

One day there came to the court of a King a gray-haired professor, who amused the King greatly. He told the monarch a number of things that he never knew before, and the King was delighted. But finally it came to the point when the ruler wanted to know the age of the professor, so he thought of a mathematical problem.

"Ahem!" said the King. "I have an interesting sum for you; it is a trial in mental arithmetic. Think of the number of the month of your birth."

Now the professor was sixty years old, and had been born two days before Christmas; so he thought of twelve, December being the twelfth month.

"Yes," said the professor.

"Multiply it by two," continued the King.

"Yes."

"Add five."

"Yes," said the professor, doing so.

"Now multiply that by fifty."

"Yes."

"Add your age."

"Yes."

"Subtract 365."

"Yes."

"Add 115."

"Yes."

"And now," said the King, "might I ask what the result is?"

"Twelve hundred and sixty," replied the professor wonderingly.

"Thank you," was the King's response.

"So you were born in December sixty years ago?"

"Why, how in the world do you know?" cried the professor.

"Why," retorted the King, "from your answer—1,260. The month of your birth was twelve and the last two figures give your age."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the professor. Capital idea! I'll try it on the next person. It's a polite way of finding out people's ages."

—New York Herald.

Southeast News.

Cash-Book: Francis Lape, who lives on Hickory Ridge, had his house and all that was in it destroyed by fire last Friday. Mr. Lape is the youngest brother of Mr. Dan Lape, who lives about three miles northwest of here.

Cash-Book: B. S. Schwab of Dutchtown was in the city the other day and stated that the recent high water in Hubble creek damaged him to the amount of about \$700. The levee he had constructed in front of his property at Dutchtown was broken, and besides this damage he had a lot of fencing destroyed and his farm otherwise damaged by the rushing water.

Cash-Book: The accidental death of Walter Helderman near Burfordville last week is a shock to our community, more especially on account of the number of accidents occurring in that neighborhood in a few years past. It must be a severe stroke to his father, Mr. Elam Helderman, as Walter is the last but one of a large family of children, who were born and passed from his paternal care.

Cape Girardeau Gazette: L. F. Klostermann sold on Saturday the woolen mill plant he had on his hands for a number of years since it discontinued operations in this city. Mr. H. B. Humbert, of Santa Clara, Cal., was the purchaser for the low figure of \$500, though Mr. Klostermann had refused \$3,700 for the outfit a couple of years ago. He wanted it operated and used in this city and had even offered the use of it free to parties if they would operate it here, but nobody would make the venture.

Kennett Democrat: Harry McPherson, a very pleasant young man of Marble Hill, is here this week. He wants to get a good school in this county and comes with excellent recommendations as a teacher.

Speaker Farris has announced the following committee to investigate the condition of swamp lands in southeast Missouri and report needs to the next Legislature: Russell of New Madrid, Jones of Butler, Myers of Bollinger, Tribble of Dunklin, Hess of Mississippi, Sawyer of Cape Girardeau, Averill of Pemiscot, Ward of Stoddard, Williams of Scott, McCollum of Ripley, and O'Bannon of Wayne.

Might Have Got Wet.

The patience of the average Arkansas farmer is abnormal. He is never in a hurry and he thinks things are bound to come right if he only waits. He accepts with resignation whatever destiny has in store for him and implicitly believes that circumstances make the man and not that man may make circumstances and thereby have any hand in the making of himself. The writer, in passing through the hills of upper Arkansas, found his progress stopped by a swiftly-flowing river. Toward the center of the river was a team, a wagon and a man. The team was stationary and water eddied and foamed around it. The man was complacently smoking a pipe. Pushing his horse out into the current, the writer approached the team and the man evinced a languid interest in his approach.

"Why don't you move on?" was asked.

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"Wagon's locked. Back part swung back with the current and here we are. Can't move a locked wagon."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I was thinking."

"How long have you been thinking?"

"Since early morning." It was now afternoon.

The rider fastened one end of a rope to the tongue of the wagon and the other end to the pommel of his saddle; the vehicle was straightened out and the horses sprang forward under the lash. Soon the farmer and his team were safely landed.

"Didn't it occur to you to unhitch your horses and go for help?" was asked.

"Well, if I'd a-done that I'd a-got wet," was the calm response.—Exchange.

He Knew What it Means.

A mother was assisting her little boy with his geography when they came to the word "desert", which he could not understand. His mother explained it was a barren place—a place where nothing would grow. The boy's face brightened up at her words and feeling sure that he had solved the difficulty she asked him to explain the meaning and the prompt answer came: "Me feyther's bald head."

Moving The Tiger.

"Once," said an old circus man, "we had a tiger get loose. This was in a menagerie, in a fixed location, where we had been for some time. The cages for the animals were ranged along on a platform around a big floored space for spectators. The show was in a building made for it."

"We had a very good collection of animals, including a full-grown royal Bengal tiger. The tiger cage had got rather old and we set out to shift the tiger into a new one. We had the new cage all ready, and one afternoon after the show was over and the people had all gone we brought it in and moved it up so that it was on the same level with the other, and then moved the two cages up close together face to face. The cage doors didn't swing; they slid up through an opening in the roof of the cage, and what we

were going to do was to raise these doors when we got the cages close together and drive the tiger from one cage to the other and then shove down the door of the new cage and put that on the platform."

"Well, we got the cages up close together and doors opposite, and a man on the roof of each cage raised the door of that cage, and then we began to prod the tiger, to make him go through the opening into the other cage. He started for it and put his paw across the narrow space between the two cages, but instead of putting it over inside the doorway of the other cage he put it against the first bar on the side of the door and pushed the cage away a little bit. That was bad. We ought to have made the cages fast together, but we hadn't. We tried to start him along a little faster, but instead of going through into the other cage he kept pushing on that bar and pushing the other cage away."

"All this time he was getting a little bit further out of the old cage, but not into the new one. The man on top of the old cage tried to shut that door then, so as to pin the tiger in it and hold him till we could drive him back, but the door jammed when he first tried it, and he couldn't budge it, and all the time the tiger was pushing the new cage a little bit further away and getting further out himself. The man on top of the new cage was still holding his door open, hoping that the tiger would step across into the new cage yet, and then he would drop it down and hold him; but the tiger kept pushing the cage away till there was easy room, and then he just dropped down on the floor and walked round the end of the new cage out into the arena."

"Look out!" says the man on top of the cage, and we did, and left the tiger boss of the show while we made arrangements to recapture him, and the tiger started in to take a look on his own account. There wasn't anybody to get in his way; he had the whole place all to himself, and he waved his tail and glared around and started, and kept going till he came to the monkey cage. That seemed to interest him more than anything else, and he made his first stop there and stood waving his tail and glaring at the monkeys. He scared the little monkeys almost to death, just standing there looking at them, and they rushed over to the back of the cage and flattened themselves against it, trying to get away as far as they could."

"When the tiger pushed his cage away his paw was against a bar on one side of the door, nearer one end of the cage than the other, and so it was that end of the cage that he pushed out; the other end stayed in by the old cage; it made a kind of a V-shaped opening between the cages, and the tiger had jumped down into that and gone around the end of the cage that was pushed out. This V-shaped space made a kind of shelter, too, when the tiger was around on the other side, as he was when he was looking into the monkey cage, and one of the keepers hurried in with about a quarter of beef and threw it into the old cage and pushed it over as far as he could into one corner."

"The tiger smelled the meat. I suppose he had been thinking about how he would like the monks; he could have eaten about one at a mouthful, and there were just about enough in that cage to make a square meal for him, but the bars were in the way, and he knew what the smell of beef meant, and he turned away and made for his own cage again; walked across the open space, waving his tail, and walked around the end of the pushed out cage into the little triangular space and jumped up into the old cage and made for the meat in the corner, and a man jumped up on the roof and jammed down the gate."

"Well, you see, there didn't anything very desperate happen after all, still, it was about as much tiger as we wanted for one day."—New York Sun.